The Blind Doe

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The Blind Doe

by Ram3no

Summary

Will Graham, a burnt out omega, now works at a restaurant owned by a world renowned cook, psychiatrist, and ex-surgeon, Hannibal. He was sent by Jack to investigate the missing persons case implying that this restaurant has something to do with them.

He shows his passion and excellence in the culinary industry all while Hannibal's obsession for Will grows. As the development of their relationship ensues, Will soon faces Alana, knowing full well of her past with Hannibal, and tensions between the two instigate.

Throughout Will's two-timing job, he discovers something about Hannibal he never thought he'd learn to embrace despite his years as a devoted, though often taken advantage of, profiler for the FBI. Hannibal wants to bring out the darkness in Will and Will lets him.

(Beginning set around(ish) season 1)

Notes

So basically in this AU omegas are more respected and less objectified which I think is better imo but anyways hope you guys like the first chapter :) Also sorry for any mistakes, I'll prob go through them again when I have more chapters ready and when I have more free time (basically never) 💀

See the end of the work for more notes

Wagyu

“A table for two please.” The couple was guided by a waitress through a mess of glass wine cabinets illuminated by a cool, white light from above. A delicious aroma consisted of garlic, chives, and other spices welcomed them into the main dining room with the kitchen visible for optional entertainment. The warm chandelier hung beautifully from the wooden ceiling and the main piece of the restaurant, a taxidermied doe with a blindfold, had gathered the attention of many as they dined.

Will had been relentlessly working in the kitchen ever since it opened and his fatigue was catching onto him. He grabbed a fresh towel from the cabinets in the back and swiped it across his forehead to absorb the perspiration. So far, his work life had been a nightmare. Working double time as a trainee chef at a Michelin star restaurant and an ‘unofficial’ FBI agent was hell. There was still no progress in identifying the Chesapeake Ripper and no solid clues tracing the missing people to The Blind Doe.

His heat was slowly approaching which was the cherry on top of his fucked up sundae. Will cringes. He begs to what ever merciful deity that his suppressants will last him the week—at least until the weekend so he can spend most of his heat isolated in the comfort of his home with the furry loves of his life. The call bell rings, signaling for Will to get his shit back together and serve for the rich who don’t give a fuck about anyone or anything.

Except for Hannibal. The filthy rich owner of the restaurant that seems like a decent person. Over the past two years of working at The Blind Doe, he noticed that Hannibal never really leaves the place. He puts in so much effort to keep it as sanitary as possible with food neater than whatever the FBI has going on right now. But, unfortunately for Will, the only reason he’s a fucking newbie chef is because Jack received a tip from an anonymous source stating that they had a lead on the missing people tracing back to the restaurant.

Of course Will would be the one to investigate—he just hadn’t expected that he’d have to learn an entirely new skill for the job. God, he can barely spend any time with his dogs and plus he still has to get a lesson ready for his class and—“Is there something troubling you, Will?” He glanced up, breaking away from his dilemma and met with Hannibal’s gaze. Will turned around and pressed the back of his body against the steel tables, gripping the edges with his palms. “Yeah, I—I just needed a second to think.”

Hannibal leaned in, enough to get a whiff of Will’s distress pheromones and frowned. “Did you just smell me?” Hannibal quickly pulled himself away and regained himself, awkwardly looking for something to dust off his apron. “Difficult to avoid but, I advise you to end your shift now. You’ve done enough for today and we’ll be closing shortly. I will finish the orders and you take time to recover. It’s important you prioritize your health and stability, especially when there’s already so much to accomplish.” Will twitched in annoyance as Hannibal referred to his lack of ‘stability.’ He’d been stable enough to close numerous serial murder cases as a talented profiler and suffer at the hands of Jack Crawford. And of course, Alana.

“I’m fine, Hannibal. Stop worrying about me, I can finish my shift. Just go and do what you restaurant owners do.” Will walked over to one of the sinks and washed his hands before returning to slicing strips of wagyu, marbled with fat, fresh from the fridge. Hannibal watched Will create. To create is a powerful gift—to possess an ability that of the Gods’ is what Hannibal truly appreciates and Will expresses said ability with such passion and genuine love.

Will pulls out a stick of butter and tosses half of it into the searing hot pan with a hiss. Rosemary, minced garlic, and some pink peppercorns are added into the melted butter and it releases such a heavenly smell. He swirls the mixture until the aromatics have subsided the slightest bit and places the wagyu filet into the center of the pan. The butter bastes the chunk of meat, seasoned with just salt and pepper, until it shifts into a beautiful, caramelized brown and medium rare in the middle.

A plate is waiting by the side of the stove decorated with a dollop of mashed potato and a generous spoonful of sautéed mushrooms. Will places the cut of meat right on top of the starchy element and slides a spoon of red wine sauce along the rim of the plate. Satisfied, he plops a skinny stem of rosemary on the wagyu and gently sets it down on the serving counter.

“Your performance was very pleasing, Will. I wish that one day, you and I will be able to learn from one another in the kitchen. Your precision and skills are greatly improving.” Will blushed at the praise and stifled back a cough to avert Hannibal’s eyes. “Thanks.” Hannibal motions for Will to come closer to his bigger form. “Did you not want some spare cuts of bison for your dogs? I’m sure they’re starving and miss you dearly.”

Will grinned. “Yes—thank you, it means a lot to me.” He grabbed a large, cardboard to-go box near the serving counter and placed the slices of meat in specific portions for each dog. Hannibal observed Will and walked past him to attend to his final duties in the restaurant. He was at a distance to which Will was able to inhale cloud of Hannibal’s scent.

It was oddly mildly sweet like those expensive brands of bourbon but the warmth of the cinnamon had seemed to calm Will’s nerves for the time being. He shivered at the thought of breathing in the smell everyday, Hannibal close beside him. Protecting him, comforting him, and hiding him away from all of his problems. It was driving him mad, knowing he was going into heat soon, but he couldn’t help but crave for more.

Palmaris

Chapter Summary

Will goes to work and begins investigating for any subtle clues for Jack's "hunch" on the disappearances. His heat gets the best of him and Hannibal observes.

Chapter Notes

Read tags!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will gets to work at 11:37 A.M, two hours before the restaurant opens as an opportunity to investigate and scribble down some recipes for his dogs in privacy. He parks his blue Volvo near the back of the establishment in an alleyway and turns off the engine with the turn of his keys. Shifting in his seat, his head pounds and feels a painful heat rising up to his cheeks. Will ignored the pressing symptoms and hops out of the car to unlock the rusting back door of the building.

Hauling his leather shoulder-bag through the door way, he hissed as he stubbed his toe against the corner of one of the counters and cursed under his breath. It was humiliating for no reason as it felt like someone watched every mistake and every embarrassing moment of his life, but he continued to unpack his bag. Will traveled to the changing rooms, parallel to the bathrooms, and laid out his creamy white button up as well as his newly sewed apron. His dogs had gotten curious and smelled the residue of meat on Will's clothes and shamelessly chewed through the laces of the culinary attire.

As he exits, his breathing becomes heavy and staggered. Flashes of heat start to burn his neck and shoulders. He panics, not expecting his heat to arrive so soon. Will trips over to the counter as he balances his deranged form. He sets his hands on the table and slumps his shoulders, head hanging between his deltoids and stares back at his reflection on the metal surface. His eyes were shiny, brown curls sticking to his forehead, and a rosy pink hue had been painted across the rounds of his cheeks. Everything felt like it was on fire. Will really didn't want to ruin his fresh set of clothes but he was so clouded by want and need he moved to a more secluded location to deal with his sudden problem.

Behind the spice racks, Will hastily lifts up his apron and holds it between his teeth, allowing more free access to his drenched body. The growing tent in his pants begs for attention and he tugs them off in frustration as it hugs his thighs. Slick begins to leak onto his black briefs as

he palms his erection and traces his thumb over the slit of his reddening tip. As his fingers made contact, he flinched at the sudden difference in temperature.

Inherently in Will's mind, he yearned for touch. Any sort of physical contact to ease him through. He wanted someone to hold him in their arms and whisper sweet words of affirmation and he looked up. There was no one.

Hannibal.

He could imagine Hannibal crouching beside him, hand hovering next to his cheek. Will leaned into the warmth of his hand with his glassy eyes begging for more. The limb fondled Will's nape and slithered down to the dips of his hips. He relished the faint touches and cocked his neck to the side, presenting to the non-existent being, and tightened the hold on his length.

Almost calling out for Hannibal, he cupped a hand over his mouth to hold back any deplorable noises. The illusion immediately dissipated as he sensed his release approaching, feeling as if his body was filled with live wires. Whimpering, he gripped the base of his cock and began to steadily stroke it. Will wasn't in a good place at all to satisfy his first wave of heat but it'd be sufficient enough to maintain a few hours of normality. He took in slow breaths and exhaled a shaky sigh of relief as he quickened his pace. "Fuck—"

Releasing a breathy moan, he sunk his teeth into the meaty flesh of his hand and came onto the stone floors. Will collapsed and appreciated the coolness of the stone in his attempts to regain his composure while wiping the tainted surface in shame. He went back to the dressing room to throw on a clean pair of pants. Maybe masturbating in a goddamn restaurant, a Michelin star restaurant for fuck's sake, wasn't the best idea. No shit. But who cares? Not like anyone was there, so long as he was able to ease the symptoms of his heat, he didn't mind losing a part of his dignity.

Unbeknownst to Will, he did in fact have an audience.

Hannibal had arrived at the restaurant just about 10 minutes after Will due to a last minute reservation for a large event. Through the glass doors in the front, he'd recognized a cloud of pheromones leaking out the small cracks. The familiar pine and maple chai scent, covered by cheap cologne, intrigued Hannibal as he continued to venture in the vacant building, anticipating a show catered to Hannibal only.

His attention was drawn by the delicious noises being emitted from behind the kitchen and elegantly strides to the counters behind a wall, concealing his presence. It was now confirmed that Will had entered his first stage of heat. Hannibal peeked from around the wall and soaked in the glow and soft, Renaissance-like edges of Will's skin. His scruff had further defined the sharpness of his jawline as well as his just noticeable Cupid's bow.

Will's expressions were the definition of erotic sophistication and intimacy, Hannibal wished he could reveal himself and devour Will whole. The urge to sketch his figure abruptly emerged and Hannibal let his desires run loose. To consume the image of Will's physical form and to slowly break, or he supposes to reform Will's mind. Become more like Hannibal himself. Will's scent filled up the room, almost transporting Hannibal to a cozy forest

blanketed in relentlessly cold, sheets of snow. As the brunette grew more determined to chasing his release, he let out a strained groan. The older man adored how the younger struggled to hold back his moans as he squirmed on the kitchen floor.

Hannibal studied Will as he climaxed, stretching his limbs like a feline and marked his hand with a brutal bite, drawing small beads of blood. Like an opera, Hannibal savored Will's gratifying sounds of pleasure and in time, he would teach Will mannerisms of his own through his personal techniques.

Will tidied himself up, almost dreadfully, and stumbled over to the freezer. He dodged the hanging carcasses of pig, lamb, bison, and meat of further variety until he came across another metal door, covered by crates of other perishable foods.

There was a keyhole just above the handle of the frozen door. It appeared to be used just recently, he estimated about ten or twelve hours ago. Will thought he could look for a key around the restaurant or straight up ask Hannibal about it. He immediately scratched the idea. It was stupid in multiple aspects. Hannibal would probably get suspicious of Will but he began to question the reason for the second meat freezer. He scanned his surroundings before doubtingly tugging at the latch. It wouldn't budge, like he expected, but he did know for a fact that this door was hiding something to link the disappearances and needed to find a way in ASAP.

Will gathered himself, now violently shivering from the freezing temperatures, and turned around to meet the steady eyes of Hannibal and his slender silhouette. His sleeves had been pulled up high enough to display his muscular forearms and held an unreadable guise as he simply smiled at the shorter man. "Good afternoon, Will. I noticed that the door to the freezer was open and wanted to make sure you weren't experiencing a mild case of hypothermia." Will wasn't sure if Hannibal was incorporating some sense of humor but he was wary after his newfound discovery.

He felt the tips of his fingers and nose go numb and sniffled. "Yeah, no—I was looking for a different variety of cuts to use, for the dogs I mean. Sorry, didn't think you were coming in this early." Strangely enough, Hannibal gleams, almost all-knowingly, and covers Will's shoulders in one of his finely stitched, grey dress jackets. "Please, don't apologize. Follow me to the fireplace so your body temperature can regulate itself. I will be outside for our produce delivery, shipped fresh this morning." With that, the two men walked out the meat cemetery and towards the burning embers surrounded by jagged pieces of multi-toned cobblestone.

As Will defrosted, he acknowledged the new presence of his co-workers, awaiting the start of their shifts before the restaurant officially opened for the day. They slipped into their sleek, white outfits and started to prep some veggies and greens for plating. It was almost five minutes from the beginning of the first round of customers and Will decides it's time to organize his station in the kitchen. The restaurant finally opens and a rush of guests and a few celebrities flood through the grand doors, itching for a taste of Hannibal's delicate creations.

Within the crowd of people, Will spots his colleague and former infatuation, Dr. Alana Bloom. She was quickly seated by herself in a two-person table in of odd distance to where Hannibal was operating. Alana seemed to be waiting for her plus one until she spot Hannibal

by the wine cases and called him over, beaming brightly. This profound interaction between the two had unexpectedly struck a nerve in Will. He knew Hannibal wasn't his and he wasn't Hannibal's—but he couldn't help but feel a sense of possession and it already soured his mood. It wasn't his business anyways and begrudgingly returned to searing some salmon.

Chapter End Notes

Might be on hiatus for a bit but hope you guys enjoy the new chapter! Also currently binging seasons 1-3 as I'm writing lol.

Chianti

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Alana catch up. Will gets frustrated.

Chapter Notes

Istg each chapter gets longer than the next.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alana proposes to have a drink during Hannibal's concise break and he easily accepts. "You know I couldn't refuse any offer of yours." He rises from the sable, linen covered table and sees himself out to fetch a bottle of well-aged alcohol. Will plainly observes—Alana was like the seed of a berry lodged in the crevices of his molars. Its presence irritable at first but would soon grow bearable enough to forget how it even got there in the first place.

Though, Will couldn't ever bear Alana's overwhelming savior complex.

He despised people looking down on him, perceiving Will as a poor soul that 'needed' saving. Despite his internal rant, he had to come to terms that Alana was, to his chagrin, a creation of beauty and elegance. He couldn't stop staring at the Alpha as it indulged his insecurities. His build wasn't that of a typical, more stereotypical Omega—he was covered in muscle, more so on his abdominal region and arms followed by a generous amount of tender meat on his thighs. Though he never really has the time, Will enjoys working out in the form of running with his pack of dogs or manual labor in his shed.

The majority of Will's negatively dwelling emotions were rooted in his jealousy towards the female Alpha. Their gender was distinctly superior compared to Will's. They were able to uphold a facade of confidence with no one to doubt any lacking qualities. Alana had once harnessed the immense reverence of Will. She was everything he'd find ideal in a mate. Will was shattered when Alana had bluntly rejected him in the most ambiguous way in his own home. Her admission of feelings greatly contradicted her admission of psychiatric-related issues with him. Alana said Will wasn't clearheaded enough and that her curiosities would instinctively take over. This took place right after they shared a short yet sweet kiss. Will partially understood but he deflated at her words. He knew of Alana's and Hannibal's previous affair. He knew Alana did and continues to seek Hannibal's attention and affection to which Will refuses to admit will most likely happen because of his inferior characteristics and appearance. Of course he has no say in Hannibal's actions or personal life but he craves to be of some importance within it. Will didn't want to be some damsel in distress.

Hopelessness, in his eyes, led to further destruction and downfall of humans—the fragility of their minds worsen at continuous or even of the most minor inconveniences throughout their lives.

Needless to say, Will's mind was scrambling. He envied Alana's slim legs—her entire body, but most importantly, her sociable and pleasant demeanor. The way in which she is able to hold eye contact, never hesitant to let go. Will wasn't very fond of eyes. The whites distracted his train of thought and often disrupted his speech. It was a shameful imperfection of his as a simple task as this caused this much trouble for Will in any social interaction, not that he participated in many. As he finished preparing the orange glazed salmon, Hannibal had brought out a sleek, lavish, and unbranded bottle of wine, pouring the blood red liquid for the two Alphas. "Here, we have Chianti. Aged in this very building, fermenting in oak barrels in our cellar just below us."

Alana crossed her fingers atop the smooth tabletop. Shifting, her black business skirt began to ride up her pale thighs. She plucked the stem of the wine glass, giving it a quick swirl and lifted the rim up to her nose. Inhaling slowly, she picked up a whiff of bright cherry, basalmic vinegar, and what she supposed was notes of star anise. "You know, Hannibal, I'm usually more fond of beer but your wine might change that." Hannibal was content, his crow's feet more defined. "That's very pleasing to hear, Alana. You should come after hours one day to sample our other alcoholic variations." As of now, their interaction had surprisingly (not) seemed more platonic rather than what Will dreaded to be romantic. It was of the slightest possibility that the intentions of the two were genuine reciprocates of a friendly dynamic.

This was until Alana's hand brushed the older's, sending him a bright-eyed grin, posture straightening.

Something set off in Will, his pupils dilated, feeling moodier than usual because of his ongoing heat. He could feel the hairs on the back of his neck rise with the muscles tensing and twitching in growing annoyance. Hannibal simply mirrored her actions as he intermittently sipped the tart liquor, just slightly turning his chin to the right, placing Will's blurry figure in his peripheral vision. The psychologists continued to ramble on about new cases, new patients, recent (though bland) events in their personal lives—and Will. Will's head perked up at his name and set aside from his culinary handiwork, pinpointing his focus onto the mistaken couple. Alana drew a sudden look of concern. Almost apologetic and furrowed her brows, eyes now downturned and dull compared to the lively and pursuing ones just minutes before. He couldn't make out their conversation or see Hannibal's expressions.

His only view was of Hannibal's broad back.

Will wished he could pull Hannibal away but, he could never blatantly humiliate himself like that—especially not in public. He wasn't ready for that kind of bold behavior. He didn't even have the right to butt in between Hannibal and Alana's so-called 'date.' His mind soon became an ocean of varying possibilities and consequences, replaying different outcomes of different decisions. The ocean gradually pulled Will's sense of consciousness from reality, suddenly seeing dopplergangers of past killers he'd helped apprehend. One figure that oddly stuck out in his distorted reality was a stag covered in a deep, black coat of fur. It's hooves clopped on the stone floors and suddenly positioned itself towards Will, antlers covered in a

sheer, red substance. Will followed without a thought as the stag dragged him deeper in a forest of fog. Every 10 steps or so, the stag paused in its tracks, craning its neck back to face Will; most likely in hopes of making sure he continued to follow its guidance. Funnily enough, it reminded him of a dog in its own way. The sleek fur, sharp intuition, and inquisitive character. He wasn't sure where the stag was leading him to. He'd just see where its curiosity would take him.

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Hannibal was charmingly engaged in Alana's analyzation on Will's developing, more concerning conditions. The hallucinations, minor seizures, vivid nightmares, etc. Hannibal knew the cause of Will's suffering, being a surgeon and all. Will's brain would be inflamed—neurons almost on fire, overwhelmed with a torturous amount of signals without any given time to fully process them. Hannibal wouldn't say anything for now. He was simply curious. "Will needs help, Hannibal. I would be more than willing to step in myself but, as we know, my professional curiosities would both get in the way between our relationship and progress. He's broken, in short, especially after the events with Garret Jacob-Hobbs and his concerns about Abigail. He needs someone to rely on—confide in even, and I think you're Will's best shot." Hannibal appears as if contemplating, though already knowing his answer. Managing Will's psyche as well as drawing him closer simultaneously was enticing. Amusing.

He hummed in appreciation, parting his lips and wetting them with a slide of his tongue. "Well, Will is my friend. I'd do anything in my power to contribute to his wellbeing." The female Alpha nods in gratitude, smiling softly. She cares for Will, almost pitying him in a way to which she could to keep his sanity and state of mind in check. Will resembled a lost dog, a puppy even in Alana's eyes. At any given point, he could shatter without the chance of recuperating any lost sanity. And with those fractured pieces, there would be a chance of recovery but Will would not ever be the same. The lost bits of his past self would be replaced with those of killers. Fragile—precious. That's all Will was to everyone around him, except for Hannibal.

Will would become the physical recreation of Kintsugi—the Japanese art of mending broken pottery with gold. Embracing the flaws to be renewed into something even more beautiful, as perceived by Hannibal. He would make Will undergo this transformation—metamorphosize, pushing him to his breaking point for his own good. He would be the one to reshape him, like that of a potter, into an equal. Hannibal had become so lost in his desires, his sharp nose hadn't noticed Will's unexpected (expected) intervention at their table. A dark glare veiled his face and Hannibal took note of the slight trembling of Will's head. "I need you in the kitchen. Now." Will pettily narrowed his eyes at Alana. She shrugged her shoulders in confusion, not knowing what wrong she's committed, and watched the two men depart the table, with Will tightening his grip on the width of Hannibal's wrist.

He dragged the taller man back to the changing rooms, slamming the door behind him with his damp back pressing against it. Hannibal's nose twitched as a bitter yet, gourmand scent drowned the room—to his enjoyment. Hannibal was patient, waiting for the Omega to come to. Will finally spun around to face Hannibal after taking sharp, painful breaths of the poison laced air. Red diffused up to his ears and neck. His lungs burned as his throat tightened, unsure of how to go about their current situation. He shouldn't have done that, he was foolish

—stupid for letting his feelings terrorize his sense of rationality. He wanted to leave. Maybe he should just disappear for a while, fly to Italy and dispose of his humiliating memories. Will would have to apologize to Hannibal, right away. Did other people see?

See.

That single word triggered one of Will's darkest memory. One that would ignite his due reckoning. He didn't want to see but that's what was wished of him. To see the beauty of the peace within the chaos—the eye of a hurricane. Garett Jacob-Hobbs was dead, though his ghost persistently haunted his dreams at night and hid amongst the visions of his unique 'ability' during the day. With Hobbs's death as well as his wife, a child had been abandoned, left to fend for herself in a world where even God betrayed his most loyal followers. Abagail needed a parent-figure. Will would replace that empty vacuum in Abigail's life with more consideration and tenderness than Hobbs could ever give. He was worried and deeply cared for the girl as if his own. A bead of sweat rolled down his cheek until it met the point of Will's peppered chin.

The shaking of his body couldn't stop.

Cool, calloused hands cupped the sides of his face, snapping him back to reality. "Will, can you hear me?" Will seethed a partial breath through the gaps of his teeth and held onto Hannibals forearm—a source of stability. In the depth of his mind, he admitted he needed help; but that's what people want to see from him. Desperate. To pity lower, helpless beings. The roaming of Will's eyes suddenly came to a halt, focusing on the warm, comforting presence in front of him. "Yes. I—I hear you." Almost in a whisper. He wanted to feel more, absorb more of the warmth and safety from the Alpha yet, he knew he couldn't control what actions Hannibal took. He himself wasn't a god. He could never become one. Defeated, he flinched away from Hannibal's form and turned away. "You should go back to Alana, she's probably waiting for you—wondering what's taking so long."

Lies.

Reluctance and regret were blatantly intertwined within his words. He never wanted Hannibal to let go of him. Despite his plead, Hannibal remained in his place, analyzing the shine of Will's eyes and quivering lips. "We're friends, are we not?" Will nodded, still refusing to meet Hannibal's formidable gaze. "Then you know as well as I do that I am more than able to provide you the security you crave as well as be someone of reliance. You're my friend." Something inside stung Will. "I truly want what's best for you, that being prioritizing your safety and functionality without harming yourself but also your happiness. Trust me when I say I can help you." Will's breathing had somewhat steadied by now. He wanted to believe that Hannibal could endow him with such gifts, though doubt had begun to drown him. Hannibal took heed of the smaller man's vague frown and sullen body language, seemingly hugging himself as a defense mechanism. He lifted a hand to his nape, gently working the tense knots while grabbing Will's attention and soothing the Omega. Another limb promptly slipped down to the dip of his lower back, unwilling to release its hold.

The abrupt transition from a moment of distress to one of close intimacy surprised Will, though it wasn't unenjoyable. The massaging stopped and the hand once on his nape traced the soft lines of his collar, then to his neck, and finally rested at his chin to tilt his head up to

Hannibal's. "You are magnificent, Mylimasis. Should you ever doubt yourself, come to me. Know that no one will ever surpass your beauty nor cleverness." That's all Will needed to hear to let his instincts loose. He grabbed a fistful of Hannibal's silver hair and pulled him closer to meet his lips. Their tongues clashed. Will allowed Hannibal to explore his mouth, both of his hands now bruising Will's hips. The Alpha had dominated the kiss, passionately lapping and entangling his oral muscle with the Omega's. Will could feel himself rise in temperature. A growing heat spread throughout his stomach, eventually reaching his aching cock. He whined, desperately clawing at Hannibal's back, closing the space between them in hopes of scenting and being scented by him. The previously cool room had become a sauna of pheromones and lust—love even. Hannibal was the first to pull away, leaving Will gasping for air, and lowered his head to the side of Will's neck. Will let out a deafened whimper and anticipated the sting of Hannibal's fang-like teeth in the delicate flesh.

Instead, he pecked a line of small, faint kisses and sucked a single red blot, just above Will's white collar of the button up for display. Hannibal wouldn't mark Will just yet. Not until he's reached his full potential but, he wouldn't leave his treasure without claiming it. Will wouldn't say he was disappointed. He understood that just because of one heated moment that he'd become mates with the Alpha. Embarrassed, he tucked his head and let his dark curls hide him from Hannibal. The older man lifted the strands of hair with his hand and planted a sweet peck to his forehead. Will could feel the genuine affection from it and a small light in his eyes lit up. Hannibal's expression had softened. "Shall we make our way back out? Our customers wish to indulge themselves in our work." Will smiled with content, chest now filled with zeal. "Yeah, let's go."

Will reconsidered Hannibal's profound olive branch. Of course he hadn't forgotten his main mission for his business in the restaurant but, he could let Hannibal Lecter see him. Mold him. Renew him. To pry him open like a mollusk. And soon, Will would welcome it with open arms.

Chapter End Notes

This is sorta like my mini pre-birthday celebration lmao but hoped you enjoyed chapter 3! Following chapters may take a while so I apologize for that:)

Langue

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will begin to close the restaurant but Will's fatigue hits him like a wall. Hannibal decides to bring the man to his house for dinner.

Chapter Notes

(TW: brief mention of a noose) This time for real I might go on a short break but hopefully I'll upload chapter 5 in at least 2-3 weeks. Sorry for the upcoming delay but hope this chapter will make up for the time:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It'd been a week since Will last spoke to Jack in person. The man must be expecting some sort of extensive report by now, being that he's given Will an entire seven days to record any essential detail concerning the murders. He'd have to request a break from Hannibal. Just for two days so he could rest and make up the lost time with his dogs (but to also power through the next few days of his insufferable, biological antics shame-free). The last couple was munching away in the relatively tranquil dining room. As Will waited for them to pick up the pace, he reckoned he could negotiate with Hannibal about his short time off. His schedule consisted of the following; Monday through Friday, 12 P.M to 9 P.M. and Sundays were Will's free days. Most of the time he'll come in on Saturdays in the morning to offer a helping hand—he needed something to do when he wanted to clear his mind. Something that wasn't destructive.

It was easier than he thought. He assumed that Hannibal needed all the help he could gather due to the rise in demand and popularity, but he was flexible—more than willing to accept Will's request.

But of course Hannibal would grant Will's wish, aware of his true intentions for his future absence.

Hannibal already infiltrated the FBI unit down in Quantico. He's knowledgeable of all major and minor murder cases, the Chesapeake Ripper being within the top 3, as well as the head of the unit and agents. Alana had introduced him to Jack Crawford because of his excellency and experience in psychology about less than a year ago. Within the following weeks, the two men grew close—acquaintances, then soon friends. Hannibal didn't dislike Jack, he took a small shine to him mainly because of his personality dynamics and some relatable aspects of his life. It was obvious he cared for those who worked for him but they wouldn't know, given

his cold attitude. That's when Hannibal learned of Will's existence. Jack would mention the Omega when they would meet and discovered the new job Will had taken up. His ability—pure empathy as it goes, odd quirks, and indifference to human interaction all fascinated him.

He wanted to get his hands on this rare trophy and he would wait however long it takes to get it in his possession.

It was getting late and Will and Hannibal were finally the only ones left in the restaurant—both cleaning up and tidying the dining area. Will had hoped that Hannibal would leave soon so he could return to probing around the second freezer hidden within the main one containing animal meat. He figured whatever's behind that metal door would be that of human remains or what's left of it. Will wasn't sure if Hannibal would be to blame, since he's the prime suspect, but what motive would he have? Plus, he seems like the type to be repulsed by the concept of cannibalism—too busy being intrigued by new luxury ingredients and wallet-obliterating named food. Some other day he would pull some employees through Jack for interviews.

After what happened just hours before, he wanted to know the relationship between him and Hannibal. He hadn't been marked but Hannibal called him some term of endearment. Mylimasis was it? He couldn't clearly recall but he'd recognized the language—Lithuanian. Will would have to look up what the word meant but he had other, more important priorities like the pile of stained dishes in front of him. As he scrubbed the ceramic pieces, he physically recoiled at the various textures of spoiled, once edible, food. Even through the gloves it felt like clusters of vomit left to marinate in the cold. He'd power through though, like he always does.

Once the last standing utensil was cleansed, Hannibal stealthily approached behind Will and reached for the sponge through the gaps of his arms, just inches away from pressing his chest into Will's already damp back. He could feel every breath from the Alpha. It tickled his neck, sending a shiver down the length of his spine. This time, Hannibal took more precautions and briefly inhaled Will's musk before shifting to the Omega's right. "If your schedule for the rest of the night is free, I would like to offer you a personal dinner at my complex. Reserved just for ourselves." Will could feel his eye bags beginning to to deepen, being mercilessly pulled down to the center of the Earth. Heavy like a week old body hanging from a noose. He couldn't say no. Will had the ability to think for himself but he just couldn't bring himself to deny Hannibal and his spoils.

"Sure, ok. After I finish this here I'll be there in um...I—sorry, where do you live again?" His speech began to slur together. He's never been to Hannibal's place so this would be a first. "I apologize, I was never given the opportunity to tell you. Why don't I drive you there? It should save you the hassle as well as gas, especially these days." Hannibal lightly chuckled at his own little joke but Will didn't have enough energy to reciprocate his enjoyment. "I mean, if s'fine with you then we'll just take your car." The world around Will swirled and colors began to blend together, almost like Picasso's Starry Night. He squinted hard—hard enough to see the kaleidoscope of a light show behind his eyelids. Maybe ten more minutes. Make that five to which he could stay awake to climb into Hannibal's vehicle. The fogginess of his mind prevented him from registering Hannibal's hand sneaking onto his waist while he lifted and slung Will's arm around his neck.

Next thing he knew, it was dark.

The vibrations of the road gently awoke Will. He could hear his own, soft breaths and the cool leather-feeling material greatly contrast the temperature of his exposed skin, though it brought much comfort. He adjusted his head to the side, resting it against a glass surface and silenced the running thoughts in his head once again. Hannibal didn't say a word. It was unnecessary. Truthfully, he took pleasure in seeing the smaller man (not by much) display his vulnerability, boosting the Alpha's pride. Occasionally, Hannibal would remove his eyes from the vacant road to watch the steady rise and fall of Will's chest. He adored the periodic twitches of his fluffy brows. Only he would have access to these precious moments. Will wasn't a being of impotence, he was much more than that. Because of his experience in the FBI, though not completely assimilated, he'd acquired basic combat training, weapon handling, and a taste for justice; making him more capable than most Alphas. But that was changing.

Hannibal would observe when those of rude nature would unload their petulant, built-up anger and childish impatience on waiters; then to Will for their poor satisfaction from his dish. There was nothing wrong with the taste nor presentation. That was their way of flaunting their false authority and superiority of those they deemed inferior—omegas in particular. Without a second thought, Hannibal had quickly disposed of them as they now sit in his fridge as meek chunks of meat. He'd soon use them for himself and his Will. Perhaps something of relativity.

A rude tongue.

It was a relief he saved their tongues. Hannibal restrained himself from throwing them on a spitfire for their foul language. The low rumbling of the engine came to a gradual halt as he pulled up to the curb of a sidewalk, right in front of his grand residence. He swung the sleek, car door open and walked towards the passengers side, carefully tugging the handle to prevent any sudden moves and startle the Omega. Will's head had dipped down then cranked itself up, causing him to peel his heavy eyelids apart. He groaned, not in annoyance but in loss. He really needed to catch up on his sleep—too busy quenching the pain and symptoms of his cycle. It was always too hot or too cold or even too wet, having to change his briefs on some nights. Eye crusts were beginning to form on the inner corners of his eyes and Will brushed them away with the top of his wrist. He blinked once, eyes wandering around his surroundings, still unable to connect the missing pieces of events that just occurred.

"Mm...where am I. Hannibal? What are you doing here? Thought you were at the restaurant." Will had to blink twice more to clearly see the Alpha's face. The silver and leather banded watch on his left wrist beeped a digital chime. It was only 9:55. He could've sworn a whole day had passed. Maybe he had another episode—lost track of time again. "We've arrived at my house, Dear Will. I promised to cook you and I a delicious meal for tonight, do you not remember?" Bringing his leg out from his seat, Will bashfully reached for Hannibal's sleeve as he lifted himself from the car. The only thing he could recall was private, dinner, complex.

Shit.

He probably knocked himself out at the restaurant. Karma really bit him in the ass for not properly taking care of his own body. Disregarding sleep (due to the side-effects of his

extreme empathy) and unsustainable diet because he wasn't some haughty rich man. He didn't need to be anyways. "Sorry, Hannibal. I just got carried away by everything— tried to get my hours in again. But yes, I do remember you mentioning that." The Omega finally regained clarity and swiped a few crumbs, along with a couple strands of fur from his green, utility jacket and smiled. Eye bags now somewhat replenished, reassuring Hannibal. With that cue, the older man closed the door behind Will and guided him up the front steps to his brandish, wooden door. Turning his keys, he then slightly tugged at the golden knob, now welcomed by the darkness of the interior.

The hallway entrance was brightly illuminated, further emphasizing Will's stress wrinkles, as Hannibal flicked the switch on. Will was entranced. The style of the rooms and the entire household resembled that of a dark-academia castle like the ones you'd see on tours in Europe. Awkwardly shuffling his feet, Will continued to survey the decor in awe. It was nothing like his home. There were neatly arranged flowers in lavishly painted china vases and the dark, brandy stained wood complemented the multi-toned greys of the walls. By the time Will reached the kitchen, Hannibal was already beginning to prep the food. He remained in his chef's attire but Will didn't mind. It was honestly a major turn on. The shadowed creases of the blouse accentuated Hannibal's large form. Not overly muscular but you could definitely tell that he maintained an athletic build. His fluid movements as he cooked to opera, by the well-known composer Handel, enamored Will. The song, though calming, also provided a sense of longing. Something that the Omega could relate to.

Will didn't think opera was *that* enjoyable. Perhaps Hannibal's taste was growing on him. "I see you've been exploring quite a bit, feel free to roam more if you wish. I'd prefer not to keep you waiting as you are my guest." The Alpha advised as he seared an abnormally long chunk of meat. Saliva flooded Will's mouth as the savory aroma triggered his oral glands. He paused. This was a good chance to take. Will decided to take it to show his value to Hannibal as he does not acknowledge it in himself. Hannibal interrupted seconds before Will opened his mouth, forcing him to miss his golden opportunity. "You're awfully quiet tonight, Will. Is something bothering you? If so, please feel free to tell me." Will felt exposed, like he was stripped naked on an open stage because it was true. He'd barely said a word and was sheepish ever since he got out of the car. The least he could do was initiate a decently flowing conversation between the two.

"Mm hm, yeah everything is-" he inhaled sharply, "-fine, just...what are we?" The thoughts were slipping out of his mouth faster than he could register and they wouldn't stop. It was too late now. Hannibal hummed in response, not lifting his head up from his work just yet. "We're whatever you wish for it to be. Lovers, partners, acquaintances, mates. You have the right to define our companionship if you choose to do so." Now his eyes were locking onto Will, distanced away from Hannibal next to a painting by one of the kitchen cabinets. Will was unsure of what course of action to take. Hannibal had left a (temporary) mark on him. That meant at least something of their newfound relationship. He grazed a finger over the bruised, red spot on his neck. The older man watched and curled the corners of his lips, a sense of pride filled his body. "I want to move forward slowly—not rush into much trouble yet, unless...y'know." A blush crept up to his ears.

"Maybe. You know what, it's fine. Let's keep it unlabeled for now, are you ok with that? Unless you wanna do the honors." Will breathed out a soft chuckle but the air was thick. Why

did he have to bring that up? Internal dialogue gone external I guess. Now there was unneeded tension in the atmosphere and he had to find a way to break it. Again. “I am content with anything you decide is best, as long as you are comfortable. You say we're lovers? We’re lovers. Boyfriends? A bit simple, but we’re boyfriends.” Will took that into consideration. A tower of flames erupted from the pan as Hannibal poured a long fountain of white wine in with diced mushrooms along with chunks of butter. It was quite the show and Will wanted to be a part of it. “If you need another set of hands, I could be of assistance.” Silence. “Come, Mylimasis.” Will obeyed. He shrugged the thick hunting coat off and placed it on an embroidered chair nearby, pulling his white sleeves up as he too, was still in his chef’s uniform.

Before ‘bestowing his presence’ before Hannibal, he lathered a cloud of bubbles on his hands and rinsed them a way with surprisingly scorching hot water. With a quick swipe of a towel, he was ready and stepped to where Hannibal was busy chopping some onions. “What can I do, chef?” Will scoffed playfully. Entertained, Hannibal decided to test Will’s culinary skills from over the years. He was curious. “Perhaps you can sear your portion of tongue. Sourced from a particularly brash and chatty lamb.” Something clicked in the Omega’s head. “Ah. This is a L’angue dish.” Clever boy. “Too exotic for your tastes, Will?” Hannibal teased. “You know it’s not. I've handled much worse. Y’know, like goat testicles or cow eyes, you’ve seen me.” Retorting back as Will smiled, deepening his dimples. Those warm sensations were returning from both nostalgic glee but also to an uprising problem.

He’d been so occupied the last couple days he forgot about his heat. It’s only been two days and the damn thing took at least five more for the cycle to end. Panicked, though not very visible to the normal eye, he checked his lower nape, feeling all over his hairs and muscles. The patch was gone. His pills were in his car having forgotten to take his daily dose for the day, plus touching himself this morning only quenched the symptoms for at most ten hours. 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. That was more than ten hours. He’d just have to struggle through dinner and hide out in one of Hannibal’s bathrooms for the night, knowing the man probably wouldn’t allow him to in concern. But, he couldn’t just ask Hannibal for *another* ride, especially not when his hormones are going haywire, guilt too.

It’s best to apply his attention to something else. The tongue. Will had been holding the pale cut and quickly took action, disassociating from his brief disassociation in a cold sweat. Salt, pepper, oyster mushrooms, red wine, garlic, and butter were bunched together on Will’s side of the counter, perpendicular to Hannibal. He appreciated having the autonomy to make his own alterations to dishes. Opting to try something new, Will grabbed a silver bowl and placed the softened stick of butter as well as a handful of minced garlic within the center. Using a gloved hand, he mashed the two ingredients together to form a paste. Sprinkles of the smoky black grain and crystal-like mineral came raining down onto the tongue, forming a thin crust around it. Will then smothered the meat with a blanket of the butter mixture and set it on a stainless steel pan with the curve of the tongue-tip pointing up.

It sizzled and splattered in the steel dish as Will was fixated on keeping his senses on his lavish creation, maintaining the change in color and smell. As the pan continued to steam, he flicked his signature piece in. A stem of rosemary—reminiscent of his mom when she tended to them in his childhood backyard. He missed the coziness and subconsciously searched for it even in his adult years. Will felt so close but was impeded by an invisible barrier from

attaining that feeling. Though, he lifted the edges of his cheeks, truly happy for the first time in a while thanks to Hannibal's intrusion in his previously monotone life. "Hey, do you mind if I come to your office sometime next week? I just want to talk about some stuff, I was encouraged by a friend-" meaning Jack, "to find someone—a therapist of some sort but you'll suffice." Will blurted out, breaking the stillness. "There's no need to ask dear boy. You're welcome anytime and we may talk about whatever you wish to share." A knife came down, decapitating the head of a mushroom.

"First appointment on Monday then? After my weekend break."

"I suppose it's a date."

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if tongue is L'angue or Langue since I myself do not speak French 💀 Though, I looked it up but I also saw that the name of the dish spelled it a bit differently so if anyone knows please correct me!

End Notes

First chapter published!! Hope you guys enjoyed it so far, updates will be pretty slow but it'll def still be in the works. I'm rewatching Hannibal rn and I've been loving the concept of Will and Hannibal just randomly smelling and showing off for each other lmao.

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